

Adair County News

VOLUME XXV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY MAY. 9, 1922.

NUMBER 29

Accquitted.

Geo. Coffey, Sheriff of Adair county, S. F. Coffey, Deputy Sheriff, F. H. Winfrey, Deputy sheriff, and Elmer Miller, Deputy Jailer, charged with killing a man named Clarence Van Arnsdale and wounded Ted Morrison, in a raid on moonshiners, about one month ago, were given a trial last Tuesday before County Judge C. G. Jeffries.

The shooting of the above named men occurred in the Keltner precinct where the officers found a still in operation and two or three men standing about it. The officers told them to surrender and that no one would be hurt. About that time a shot came from a man over on a hill, and it was known that it was fired at the officers. Seeing that they were in for a fight they commenced shooting and a number of shots were fired. When the firing ceased it was found that Van Arnsdale had been killed and Ted Morrison wounded.

The still and beer were destroyed and the officers returned to Columbia, and as above stated, their trial came on last Tuesday.

The State was represented by County Attorney, Gordon Montgomery, and the defense by Jones & Garnett, L. C. Winfrey and W. A. Coffey.

All the testimony was in early in the afternoon and the case submitted to the County Judge who promptly acquitted the defendants.

The result of the trial was not a surprise, as all who were acquainted with the circumstances, predicted that the officers would go free.

Officers Under Bond.

The officers of this county who engaged in the Keltner trouble, answered a warrant for their arrest at Greensburg last Thursday, that county claiming that the shooting occurred in Green county, and that Adair was out of her jurisdiction in trying them.

The officers gave bond for their appearance in Green county court on next Saturday, but there will be no trial at that time, as the wounded man, Ted Morrison, will not be able to appear in Court at that date, but under the law the case will be called and again continued until Morrison can appear.

Dr. C. M. Russell, Coroner of Adair, delivered the officers to the Green county officials.

Public Sale.

At the residence of the late Annie B. Brockman, in Glenville, I will sell on next Saturday, the 13th, all the personal property of said decedent, consisting of household goods, cow, chickens and corn, and other articles. Sale will commence promptly at 10 a. m.

Jno. W. Flowers, Executor.

Mr. Finis Rosenbaum informs us that he went over a great deal of Russell county last week, collecting for the Buchanan Lyon Company, and that every statement he presented was promptly paid. This is not uncommon for Russell county business men. They at all times are ready to pay. They believe in men meeting their obligations.

Ladies misses and childrens ready to wear hats. You will be delighted with the prices. W. R. Hutchison. Cane Valley

Died Near Cane Valley.

Ebinezer Burruss, a man about twenty-five years old, died at the home of Ike Curry, near Cane Valley, last Wednesday night. For the last two months he has been busy locating illicit stills, and reporting the same to the enforcement officers. Several stills were captured upon information furnished by him.

Save your child. Do not let it breathe through its mouth.

A Kentucky Belle.

Through a drizzling rain a large audience gathered in the chapel and wings of the chapel of the Lindsey-Wilson last Thursday night to witness a play, "A Kentucky Belle," given by pupils of the expression department, under Miss Katie Murrell. The cast of characters follow:

Mariah Douglas, a maiden lady with aristocratic tendencies, Miss Ethel Garnett.

Isabel Douglas, niece of Miss Douglas, with democratic tendencies, Miss Frances Strange.

Marie Van Harlenger, friend of Isabel, Miss Gladys Fraser.

Col. William McMillen, suitor to Isabel, Walter Ashby.

Dr. Blake, a middle aged practitioner, Herschel Compton.

Miss Madden, a trained nurse, Miss Lucile Winfrey.

John Cason Gordon, alias Jack Cason, a wealthy student of sociology, Frank Dillon.

Mrs. Gordon, mother of John Cason Gordon, Iva Lewis.

Miss Gordon, sister of John Cason Gordon, Vivian Long.

Four Telephone Linemen, Garland Nelson, Virgil Long, Robert Allison, Kenneth Irvin.

Cindy, negro maid, Miss Zora Edna Bell.

Henry, negro boy engaged to Cindy, Charles Webb.

Place—Bluegrass region of Kentucky.

We have not the space to elaborate upon each character, but take it as a whole it was a splendid play in which appeared talent, grace, interspersed with delightful singing. The audience was certainly well pleased, as it was the most orderly gathering, strictest attention paid. The acting of many of the characters came out in a most attractive manner, and compliments after compliments were passed upon the performers, and each and every one should feel that their parts were well played, and their efforts highly appreciated.

WANTED, a white girl to assist in my home.

Mrs. J. G. Eubank.

There are six or eight people in Columbia and out in the county who were students under Dr. J. L. McKee, when he was principal of the M. & F. High School years ago. They are invited to be here next Sunday at 11 o'clock and hear his son, Dr. J. Lapsley McKee, deliver the baccalaureate sermon for the Columbia Graded and High School at the Presbyterian church. Seats will be reserved.

A. P. Prather, Principal.

A few pieces of furniture for sale privately.

Mrs. Georgia Crenshaw.

More Land for the Lindsey.

By direction of his son, Rev. R. B. Grider, who is a member of the General Conference Board of the Methodist Church, Mr. W. C. Grider purchased last week from Mr. H. B. Ingram, 23 acres of land lying back of the present campus, which will be used in connection with the school. The consideration was \$2,500.

Chester Whites.

We are now booking orders for big boned, lengthy, Chester White boars. They are out of 500 pound sows sired by extra large type boar, ready for delivery May, 15. Place your order now first come first served. We guarantee to please you. Inspection invited. The price \$15 to June 1.

Valleyview Stock Farm, Cane Valley, Ky.

The old bridge over Butler's branch at what is called Cheatham bridge, has been removed by the County court and replaced with a new iron structure with concrete floor.

If in need of oils, paints and varnishes, call on, W. R. Hutchison, Cane Valley.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

MISS LUCY SAY SHE JES' KNOW AH KIN EAT MO'N ENNY-BODY SHE EVUH SEED, EN AH SPEC' DAT SO, CEPN AH AIN' NEVUH HAD DAT MUCH SOT BEFO' ME!!



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Died at Roy.

The end came to the long life of Mrs. Catherine Leach, at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. Hiram Conover, last Wednesday night. She was 85 years old and had been on the decline for several months. Capt. Ben F. Powell, who died in Lincoln county less than a year ago, was her brother. She was a kind old lady, and was very active until she was taken sick. The neighbors constantly visited her bedside, and her death cast a gloom over the community. The burial was in the cemetery at Blair School-house, Russell county, Friday.

Now is the time to buy a good Blue Grass farm. Many have to sell. We are in a position to help our friends get some real bargains.

Cress & Cress, Attys.

Danville, Kentucky. 29 4t

Last Saturday week, the 29th of April, marked fifty years since the Bank of Columbia was robbed by the James and Younger boys and its cashier, R. A. C. Martin, killed. There is only one living person in Columbia who was in the bank when Mr. Martin was killed—J. T. Page. Judge Jas. Garnett, Maj. T. C. Winfrey and W. H. Hudson, all dead, were in the bank when the robbers made the attack.

Get more goods for less money at, W. R. Hutchison, Cane Valley.

A Card.

Our most grateful thanks are due our kind neighbors, who recently assisted us in the illness and death of mother, Mrs. Catherine Leach.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Conover.

Try a can of our Wander Lye. Its as good as the best and only 10c a can. Racket Store. 28-2t

Every year at this season the municipal board is called upon to clean the streets and alleys of this town, and in a measure it has heretofore complied. It is just as much the duty of every housekeeper to put his premises in a good sanitary condition and this should undoubtedly be done. Remove all empty cans from the back yard, cut all obnoxious weeds and sprinkle lime freely. A little precaution now might enable the community to keep its good health, and that is worth more than anything else. Put up screens and keep flies out of dwellings.

For Gents, Ladies and childrens spring and summer footwear see my line of Star Brand shoes for they are better. W. R. Hutchison. Cane Valley.

A little of child of Mrs. Corrinne Simmons, who lives on Bonas Heights, was taken very ill last Wednesday and for a time it was thought it would die.

Recital in Music.

On Friday evening a large and appreciative audience was present at Lindsey-Wilson chapel to do honor to Miss Ava Lockard, music graduate, who gave at that time her graduating recital. Seven selections, chosen from some of the most difficult composers, were faultlessly rendered and the young lady is to be congratulated upon her thorough training, diligent application and unusual talent.

She was assisted by Miss Ethel Garnett from the expression department and highest praise was voted this attractive young lady upon the most pleasing and talented state in which her well chosen numbers were given.

To the Citizens of Adair County.

I want all of you who can conveniently do so to meet at the Court-house Saturday afternoon, May 13th, 1922, at 2 o'clock. Very important. Come.

C. G. Jeffries, J. A. C. C.

The Examinations.

During the present year examinations will be held on the following dates.

1. May 12 and 13—County Diploma Examination.

2. May 19 and 20—Regular Examination for Elementary Certificate.

3. June 16 and 17—Regular Examination for Elementary Certificate, State Certificate and State Diploma.

4. July 28 and 29—Special Examination for Elementary Certificate held in all the counties—Special Examination for State Certificate held at the Department of Education, Frankfort, Kentucky.

5. Sept. 15 and 16—Regular Examination for Elementary Certificate, State Certificate, and State Diploma.

Every applicant must take the examination in the county in which he resides or at the Department of Education, Frankfort. Any certificate, issued through mistake to an applicant who takes the examination elsewhere than in his home county, will be revoked.

All who are interested in these examinations please keep these dates in mind.

F. E. Webb, S. A. C. S.

Will Come to Columbia.

Eld. J. I. Wheeler, who is now located at Unionapolis, Ohio, has been called to the pastorate of the Christian Church, this place, and he has accepted, his work here to begin the first of June. He has a wife and one child, and will come to Columbia highly recommended. It goes without saying that he and his family will be given a cordial greeting.

Companion Henry L. Nicholas, of Danville, will be here and inspect Columbia Chapter, No. 7, next Friday night. Full attendance is desired. Horace Jeffries, H. P.

For Sale.

Full stock Plymouth Rock baby chicks 10c each. Also setting eggs, 90 cents a setting.

Mrs. C. S. Smith, Jamestown, Ky. 28 4t

A Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our most grateful thanks to all our friends and neighbors who showed us so much kindness during the hours of our great sorrow in the death of dear wife and mother, and especially to the undertakers, Messrs. Grissom & Paterson.

Robert Coffey and daughter.

I have just returned from the city. Goods arriving every day. I have side boards. Also cooking Stoves and Ranges. Ladies' Shoes and Slippers.

J. F. Neat. 28-2t.

Base Ball Games.

One of the most exciting games ever played here was that "one of last Tuesday when R. C. A., contested against Lindsey for the honor of winning the third game of the series, R. C. A., having won the first and Lindsey the second.

The playing of both teams was good, the game close and at the last half of the ninth Lindsey went to the bat with the score 14 12 in favor of R. C. A. The first two men up fanned and the visiting team began to gather up their bats while many of the spectators took their departure. But surely base ball is a game that is not out until it is played out and the fans rubbed their eyes with wonder when presently the bases were discovered to be full and Harrington was advancing to the bat. Somehow or other his huge frame came into contact with the spheroid and a forced run was registered making the score 14-13, and the bases full again. This time Webb went to the bat and with two strikes on him made a two base hit bringing two men in and with it a victory for Lindsey, but that score would not satisfy, Irvin, who can always be depended upon when it comes to handling the stick, let drive a beauty and when the dust had lifted and the last man scored, Lindsey had won 18-14.

Saturday was the day set for the third game of the series with Jamestown but this did not prove so exciting as the visitors were easily out-classed and the score stood 15-3 in favor of Lindsey.

At the close of that game, a five inning one was played with Glensfork which resulted in a victory for Lindsey 5-4.

Will Go To Canada.

Prof. Reed Shelton, who is a skilled chemist and who has been located in the University of Illinois for several years, doing research work for the Corning Glass Works, has accepted a position with the Dominion Research Council of Canada, and will be located at the University of Saskatchewan. He will leave for Canada about the middle of June.

Mr. Shelton is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Shelton, Mrs. Shelton being a daughter of the late Dr. George J. Reed, who died in this place 29 years ago. His mother died in Columbia about eleven years ago.

Prof. Shelton is a first cousin of the Reed brothers of this place, and Miss Frances Reed. Before leaving Columbia he was a young man of high standing, and his many friends generally will be glad to know that he is making an enviable reputation in his profession.

Fruit Trees.

Starks Bros., trees bear fruit. They begin bearing at 2 and 3 years old. The spring of 1921, when there were three frosts and two freezes in nearly all fruit growing states, Stark trees bore in 32 States. They are the largest Nursery in the world oldest in America. Have 3,000 acres in Nursery. Established at Louisiana, Mo., 106 years ago. Our salesman will canvass Adair Co., in the near future. Write us for free book on spraying and pruning.

Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

Next Saturday will be Field Day at the Lindsey Wilson. A large crowd will doubtless gather to see the sport.

Miss Lucy L. Akin and Mr. Elmer Milby, a prominent young couple of Greensburg, were married in the parlors of the Vaughan Hotel, Lebanon, one day last week. Soon after the ceremony the couple returned to Greensburg.

Some interesting stunts on the Lindsey-Wilson Campus, next Saturday which will be Field Day.

J. B. Barbee has sold his son, Jo, 53 acres of land off his farm. Mr. Barbee's farm is now out to 64 acres.

Died in Missouri.

News has reached here of the death of Mrs. Minnie Pile, the end coming at Glasgow, Mo., April 30, 1922, aged 48 years, 4 months and 7 days. She will be remembered as a daughter of Oscar and Elizabeth Pile, and before her marriage she was a popular young lady of this place. The deceased was a half sister of Mrs. Margaret Hurt and a full sister of Mrs. Lola Lovett, Mrs. M. S. Grubbs and Mrs. Ed Garnett, who lives in the West. Mrs. Pile married a Pile, a distant relative. Friends in Columbia will be sorry to learn of her demise. The result of an operation caused her death.

Commencement Program Lindsey-Wilson Training School.

Friday night, May 12, Declamatory contest.

Saturday, May 13, Ball game 10 a. m., Field Day, 1:30 p. m.

Sunday night, May 14, Commencement sermon, Methodist church, 7:30 p. m.

Wednesday night, May 17, 7:45 p. m. Recital by Music and Expression Department.

Thursday night, May 18, 7:45 p. m., Graduating exercises of Eighth Grade.

Friday night, May 19, 7:45 Graduating Exercises of Senior class in Training School.

A Suggestion.

We understand that Rev. Jas. Lapsley McKee, of Kansas City, Missouri, will preach the baccalaureate sermon at the closing of the Columbia Graded and High School, and deliver the diploma to the graduating class. He is a son of Dr. John Lapsley McKee, who was the first principal of the M. & F. High School, and during whose pastorate the Presbyterian church was built here. Only a few of the students under Dr. McKee remain—perhaps not more than five or six in the county, and all of them have passed the three score and ten years. Would it not be the fitting thing to have them present as guest of honor at these closing exercises? We suggest that they be invited, and that seats be reserved for them.

Painful Accident.

Mrs. J. H. Goff, who lives in Russell Heights, was in Columbia last Tuesday afternoon, making some purchases at the stores. It had been raining, making the walks slick. In leaving for her residence she slipped and fell, near Stanley Epperson's store, and was hurt, so badly that she was unconscious for about twenty minutes. Coming to herself, she was able to go home, and the next day she had about recovered.

Program.

The following dates have been announced for the Commencement Program of the Columbia High School:

Class Night, C. H. S. Gym, Thursday night, May 11, 7:45 o'clock.

Commencement Sermon, Sunday morning, May 14, at 11 o'clock, Presbyterian church.

Commencement Night, Tuesday night, May 16, at Presbyterian church. 8 o'clock

Two fine cows owned by Lucien Burton, near Gentry's Mill, got poisoned last week on Paris green. The poison had been hid in an old shed, the cows getting out of the lot in which they were kept, made their way to the shed and got the Paris Green. One of the cows died in a few hours and it was believed that the other one would die. Mr. Burton warns persons who own stock to be very particular with Paris green.

I have a registered Polan China male hog ready for service. \$1.00 at the gate.

Roy Smith.

DeMolay Sewing Machine at Dohoney & Dohoney.

COMRADES of PERIL

By
Randall Parish

CHAPTER XV.

A Squadron of the Sixth.

Pancha vanished into the fog, wading along the creek, and finally creeping out below the burned cabin. If there were any guards left there they were not encountered, and the mists hung so thick at that early hour she took few precautions to avoid them. Her one thought was Macklin; love had conquered hate, and the desire for revenge. There was a chance of success for her mission. The debris had not been searched over; it could not have been, for the fire still smoldered, but the moment the Indians were able to overhaul the wreck they would discover that their victims had, in some way, escaped. There would be no charred bones, no singed flesh, to tell of dead bodies consumed in the flames; they would not even find Macklin's remains. And Laud was no fool. The truth, in some form, would come to him at once; he would know they had got safely away; nor would he ever stop until he again found them. And he would suspect her; perhaps had seen her face when she fired that fatal shot. Her only chance lay now, before this revelation came.

She was cool, resourceful; had shrewdly thought out every step. If she was still unsuspected, no one would stop her. She had always been free to leave the valley. Often she had taken early rides, and none of the ordinary guards would consider her going forth as at all strange. Of course, the Hole was filled now with strange fugitives—Indians hiding from the soldiers, suspicious of every white face. These might cause trouble, but she must take that chance. There was but one way to save Macklin's life—the doctor at Gerlasche. Shelby had told her so, and nothing else remained fixed in her mind. Mother of God, she would save him!

There were three horses in the little stable shack back of the cabin. She crept cautiously up through the fog, unable to see in the gloom, but locating the animals by touch. One was still moist from riding, Laud's pony, no doubt. The next was her own, having scarcely stamina for such a trip, but the third was the bay Juan had always been so proud of. She led the animal out, saddled and bridled him in the darkness, and then, mounting in the gray dawn, with a prayer in her heart for help and guidance she rode slowly out into the trail. A fire burned in front of the little house beside the falls, a mere flicker of half-burned logs, with two men hovering over it. One of them started up, at sound of the horse's hoofs and gripped a rifle. He was white, a flapping hat brim shadowing his face; the other, an Indian, wrapped in a blanket, merely lifted his head, and stared moodily. Her heart gave a sharp bound, but she reined up carelessly, as the fellow stepped into the trail. He peered curiously into her face.

"H—l, young woman, you're out d—d early, ain't you? What's up?"

There was nothing vicious in his greeting, and her heart quit its pounding.

"I'm after a doctor, Sam," she said swiftly, believing boldness the best card to play. "My brother has been shot."

"Sure, I heard that, only they told me he was dead; he ain't, hey? Had a rumput with Injun Joe, didn't he?"

"Yes; I just heard about it. He must have the doctor right away."

"Where the h—l you aim to find one?"

"Over at Gerlasche. There is an army surgeon there."

"Sure, but I'm bettin' the cuss won't come, 'less he brings the whole army 'long with him. He'd have 'ter mosey in yere blindfold if he did."

"Just the same he'll come, if I find heem," she said grimly, "for I'll bring heem, dead or alive. Who's out there on the trail?"

"Red Haines, an' Stumpy, 'long with a couple of Sioux. The boys are a bit jumpy just now with all them sojers scoutin' the Bad Lands. Maybe they'll try ter stop yer, but yer tell 'em I said it was all right. Say, what was goin' on last night—shootin', ter beat h—l up the canyon, an' there was quite a fire, too?"

"Row over the girl Macklin brought in," she explained calmly, "an' the old cabin got burned."

"Some more o' Injun Joe's cussedness, I reckon?"

"Yes, he was in it; well, Adios Sam."

She rode forward, never even venturing to glance back. Thus far everything had gone easier than she could have hoped. There were no orders out against her, and these night guards were not even aware of what had taken place. She guided her horse under the veil of falling water, and up the steep bank beyond, out into the valley of the Cottonwood.

There was little danger of meeting anyone now, she needed to avoid, and once beyond those watchers at the head of the trail, the way would be

open. She came upon these just below the crest, grouped for shelter under the ledge of an outcropping rock. Haines had been drinking and was in a good humor, listening to her story with a broad grin, and dismissing her willingly enough.

"To h—l, o' course yer kin go," he said thickly. "Yer brother pulled me out o' the Sowskin onct. He's a d—n good scout of a Mex. Go to it, girl; you know the trail?"

"Yes, along the edge of the Bad Lands."

"Sure; better keep in the first gully, er yer might run inter a sojer outfit. They're thicker than fleas out there now, they tell me. So long, sister."

It had begun to snow, big, heavy flakes, drifting with the wind, quickly whitening the landscape. The slight marks of the trail were almost instantly obliterated, but the low range of hills ahead were a sufficient landmark, and she forced her horse into a swift pace; riding with her head lowered, but with watchful eyes peering through the snow curtain.

She was alone now; free, with nothing intervening between her and Gerlasche. Her heart bounded with the elixir of success—she would bring back the doctor to Macklin. She felt no doubt any more.

The direct trail circled just within the outer range of the sand hills, making it impossible for her to mistake the way even in that maze of snow. She rode more carelessly now that she was safely out of sight, and free from any possibility of pursuit. The horse, with lowered head, seemed to feel the urgency, and plunged forward eagerly. Suddenly as they swept around a sharp corner, seeing and hearing nothing to warn of any other presence in that solitude, they came at full tilt against a halted column of cavalry. Before Pancha could even jerk up her reins, a startled trooper had gripped the bit, and held her mount helplessly pawing the air.

"Well, what's this?" he growled, tugging at the frightened animal, and



"Well, What's This?" He Growled.

dragged half off his feet in the fierce struggle. "A Mex! Say, fellows, this looks like Arizona. Lay hold here, Mapes! Call the sergeant, somebody; I've got this bird! whoa there! now; what's all this about, young lady?"

"What is it Summers?" the sergeant, pushing through the ring of men, peered curiously up at her from under the brim of a battered campaign hat.

"She just come atearin' in, sergeant, like she was goin' home—like she was ridin' like h—l, an' she is Mex. all right."

"So I see. Well, senorita, what are you doing out here?"

His face was kindly, if stern.

"Senor. I ride for a doctor," she said earnestly. "Please do not stop me—a man is dying."

"A man? Where? Is he a Mexican?"

"No, senor, an Americano; he was shot; he verra bad; if I find no doctor, he die maybe."

"But where were you going?"

"To Gerlasche, senor, there is army doctor there."

"Not now there ain't; he's back here with us somewhere. Where is this fellow who's hurt?"

She hesitated just an instant, yet there was no avoiding the truth. If the doctor was here among these soldiers, she would have to tell the truth or else desert Macklin to his fate. Besides, what did she care? Her hatred of Laud suddenly flared into new life. Here was the opportunity for revenge, as well as service.

"In Wolves' hole, senor."

"Wolves' hole! Good God! did you come from there? Pass the word for the major, some one. What's that? Oh, excuse me, sir," and he came stiffly to attention, facing the heavy-set, middle-aged officer, with iron-gray mustache and goatee.

"What have you here, sergeant?" the latter asked briefly, "Mexican woman?"

"Yes, sir; she just ran into us at full tilt. She claims to be after a doctor to attend to a wounded American over in Wolves' hole."

"Is that so? Perhaps this is good luck. Who is this American, senorita—some d—n white renegade?"

"He man I love, senor."

"Oh, that's it. Then perhaps we can

do business. We've got a surgeon here with us. If you will show us a way to get into Wolves' hole, I'll promise he'll take care of your man, all right."

"You ask me to guide you?"

"That's the bargain. We have been trying to locate the place for two days. Who is the leader of those outlaws?"

"Indian Joe Laud, senor."

"I've heard of the brute. Judging from the way you looked then, he is no friend of yours."

"No, senor; I hate heem; he keel my brother; now he try to keel this man I tell you 'bout—he an' two more Americanos."

"Two more! This is becoming interesting, Sergeant. Let's have the straight story, senorita. You want us to help these people—is that it?"

"Si, senor; it is nothing to me what you do. I care for them not at all; they not my people any more. There are many—Indians a lot; they hide there."

"But, who are these Americanos? They belong to the gang?"

"No, senor. One was a woman, senor; young, pretty woman; she captured and brought there. Eet was her husband that try to save her. He follow an' git in some way, like the Mother of God help. Hees name was Shelby."

"Shelby?" broke in the sergeant, forgetful of the officer's presence in his surprise. "What Shelby? Was his other name Tom?"

"Si, senor," and she turned her eyes on him. "You know this Tom Shelby?"

"Do I! of course I do. You remember him, Major Hays. He was with us once in 'C' Troop; then later detailed with the scouts. He's up in this country, I know. I ran into him down at Ponca when I came through there. Why, that was his wedding day, and I saw the bride."

"You say those renegade devils have got them both there in the Hole?" broke in the major, "prisoners?"

"They got away now; they hide in a cave," she explained.

"And you will show us the way in?"

"Senor, the doctor he will care for this man if I do."

"I pledge you my word he will."

"And you keel Indian Joe Laud, senor?"

"We'll surely do our best."

"Then I show you—yes; who that man there?"

Shaunessy wheeled about to face the fellow she pointed at, gripping him with one hand, and dragging him forth from among the circle of soldiers.

"This is the bird they gave us for a guide," he said shortly. "You know him?"

"He," she gave vent to a bitter laugh. "That fellow Dull Knife; bad Indian, horse thief. Why they give you heem?"

"H—l knows. What'll I do with the cuss, major?"

"Have a couple of men hold him under guard. We seem to be on the right track now; senorita, where is this Wolves' hole?"

"Over there, not far; across the mesa. You come, I show you. That be better first, senor—just you an' some others, so you can tell what to do. Maybe eet be better we go afoot, so we be not seen."

"On foot! You don't mean we are so near the place?"

"Si, senor; I show you."

A little handful followed her lead between the sand ridges out upon the open plain—the major, a lieutenant, the sergeant, and three men. She led them along a slight depression, sufficiently to partially screen them from observation. The steady fall of snow had ceased, although there were occasional flurries, driving sharply into their faces. Overhead the clouds hung low and gray. Hays swore under his breath, half convinced he was being made a fool of. Twice he started to speak, but held his tongue. The girl never turned her head, but moved straight forward.

She came to a slight ridge, and stopped suddenly, pointing.

"'Tis there, senor," she said simply, "Wolves' hole."

The astounded officer stood motionless, his mouth open, his eyes staring at the sight so unexpectedly revealed. For an instant he could not believe what he saw. Almost under his feet the precipice fell away into that tremendous gorge, the mantle of snow emphasizing its depth, but bringing out the black rocks in stern contrast.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "what a gulf! And not a sign to make you dream of its existence. I'd have sworn ten feet back this plain was a dead level for thirty miles. But how in heaven's name do we ever get down there?"

"There is something going on, sir, up yonder in that canon," spoke up the lieutenant eagerly. "Listen. Those are rifles popping, and I can see white puffs of smoke through the glass. There's a fight going on down there."

"D—d if you ain't right, Boyd; they are certainly popping away rather lively. Cornered Shelby likely, and, as I remember the lad, he'll stay with them as long as he has a cartridge left. By jingo! we've got to get down, and clear this nest out. Where's the trail, senorita?"

"Over yonder to the left, senor. You take your glass, so. Now straight along the bank, where that cedar tree tops the edge. It stands all alone. You see what I mean?"

"Yes, beyond that outcropping of stone; the trail goes down there?"

"Si, senor; but if you ride down, your soldiers, they know."

"They keep guard?"

"Si, senor; just below, out of sight,

yet where they can see. When I come out they were under a rock shelf to keep off the snow. Maybe they there yet."

"How many?"

"Five, senor; two white and three Sioux."

He studied the spot carefully through the leveled field glasses, and then swept them inch by inch over the snow-covered plain. He returned them to the case, and cast one more glance into the depths below.

"Very well, men," he said quietly, "We will return to the squadron."

Shaunessy, with ten men, was given the cutting-out job, the major drawing up his command behind the sand hills in readiness for a swift advance. The sergeant led his little force well to the right of where the outpost was believed to be, and finally dismounted them, leaving two men in charge of the animals, while, with the others, he proceeded forward on foot. The sand hills approached much closer to the river at this point, and ridges extended out into the plain, affording them considerable protection as they cautiously advanced, seeking every possible bit of shelter. Shaunessy, using the field glasses loaned him by the major, surveyed the ground carefully before venturing to lead the way, and, in this manner, the little party finally crept in behind the crest of land overlooking the valley of the Cottonwood.

It had been the plan to drop silently over the edge of the bank, and work their way along, so as to attack the outlaws from the rear, thus rendering the escape of any impossible. But once there on the ground the slope was found to be far too abrupt for this purpose, and the idea had to be abandoned. The only other procedure was to creep along under the protection of the ridge, trusting to swiftness of attack. The sergeant crept forward, inch by inch, watchful of everything in front. He never glanced back, but his carbine was flung forward, cocked and ready. It was fifty yards to where the gnarled cedar protruded above the bank, but no sign of any movement greeted him until he had nearly reached that point. Then, suddenly, with no warning of any kind, a red, bloated face shoved itself up above the edge of the bank. The startled eyes looked directly into the muzzle of the carbine.

"Stop right there, buddy!" said the sergeant sternly. "Now lads, over you go!"

They took the leap recklessly, some rolling down the steep slope, others finding some sort of foothold and rushing fiercely forward. The guard was taken by complete surprise, helpless most of them before they could even reach their feet or grasp their weapons. Shaunessy backed his prisoner down to where the others stood sullenly, and surveyed the scene.

"Five; that's the whole bunch," he said with satisfaction. "A very good job. Now, Gates, go up there and wigwag the major."

Ten minutes later the advance files of the squadron topped the edge of the bluff and began to slowly move down the steep trail. Hays expressed his approval.

"Exceedingly well done, sergeant; got the whole outfit, I see. Have your men bring up your horses. The girl tells us we have a free road now into the valley, so we will move right along. Quietly, men, and keep your distance. Unsling carbines! Forward!"

They moved steadily at a walk, the troopers eagerly peering ahead, yet cautiously reining back their mounts. There was scarcely a tinkling of accoutrements as the long column of horsemen slowly advanced down the crooked trail toward the snow-covered valley far below. Pancha, riding beside the major, led the way through the curtain to where the Cottonwood plunged over the rock precipice into the deeper gorge beyond. To her uplifted hand of warning the column halted, the Mexican girl leaning over to explain the situation ahead.

"Eet is verra steep grade," she said, "an' a sharp turn at the bottom, where the trail runs under the falls. On the other side is a log house, and they always keep a guard there, senor."

"And beyond?"

"The valley is open."

He tried to see through the snow squalls, but with little success.

"How heavy is the guard?"

"That I cannot tell, senor. There were but two men there, when I come out. But the log hut is a saloon, and many may be there now. Eet is best to use utmost caution."

"No one is likely to be between this point and that?"

"Not on watch—no; some one might be passing out; they come and go."

"Of course, we run that risk. The falling water makes noise enough to prevent our being heard, yet I think it may be best to use a scouting party. The only way we can trap those fellows into a fight is through a surprise. If they become alarmed they'll scatter and find a way out before we can strike a blow. Isn't that your idea, captain?"

"Yes, sir; we've got to get in behind and cut them off."

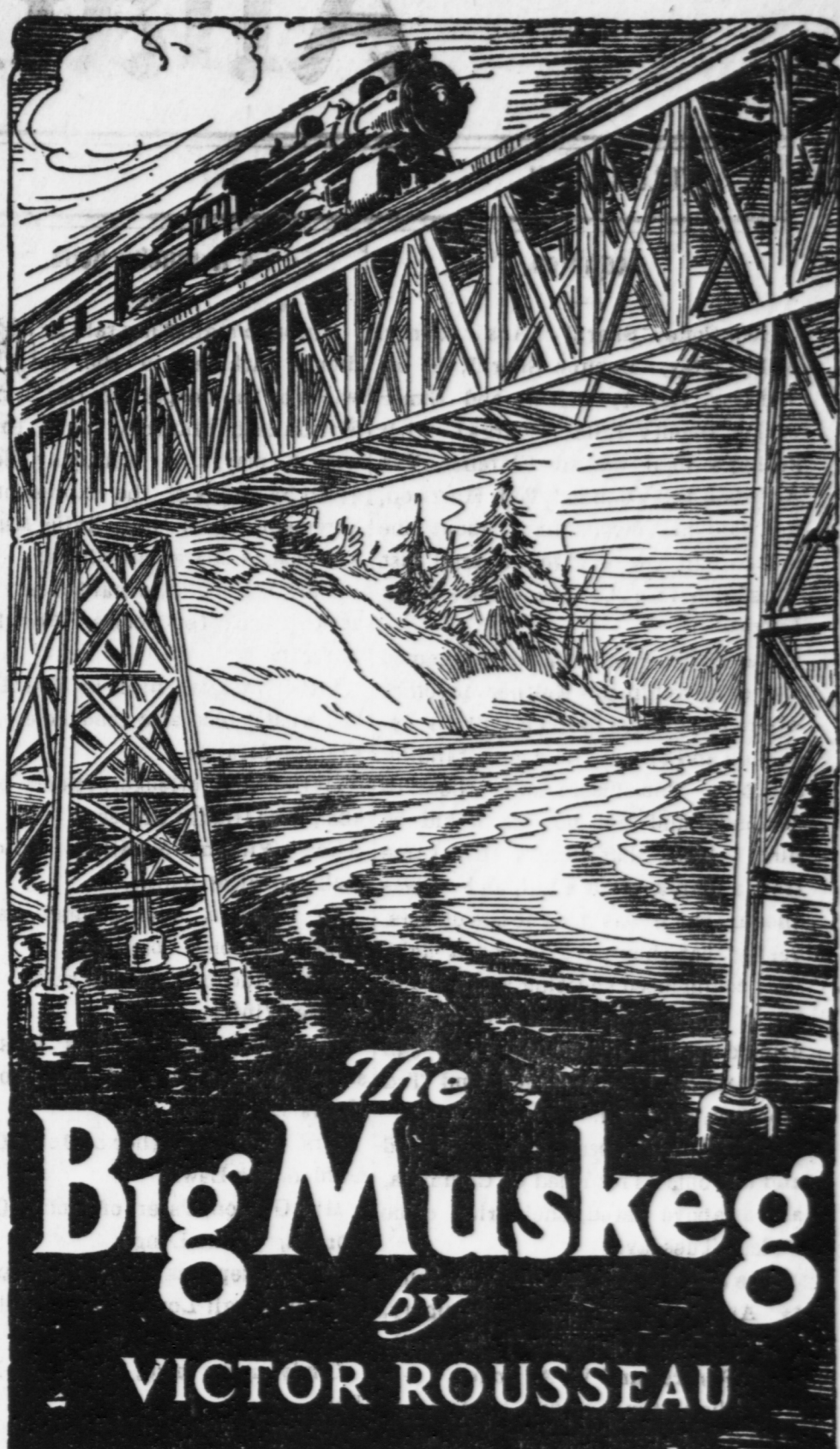
"I presume there is a back door to this Hole, somewhere, senorita?"

"Yes, senor; way down yonder, but eet can only be made on foot."

"Then we've got the villains, if we only move secretly enough. Take a dozen men, and come along with me, captain. Dismount them. Senorita, it will be best for you to show us the way."

They disappeared into the curtain of falling snow, and cautiously advanced beneath the veil of overhanging water.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



A ROMANCE of railroad building in the grim reaches of the far North, where love and the passions of revenge and hate flame as quickly over the eternal snows as in tropic isles under the moon.

An absorbing story of a man who left to his best friend a legacy not merely of difficulty and strife, but of something infinitely more dangerous and disturbing. A tale of strong manhood and womanhood battling against the forces of nature and against more troublesome forces arising in human hearts.

This great novel by the author of "Wooden Spoil," "Jacqueline of Golden River," etc., we shall print in serial installments in



They are
Good! 10¢

Buy this Cigarette and Save Money

Oldest Mason.

Washington Bissell, oldest lawyer and oldest Mason in the country, is now 102.

From his home at Great Barrington, Mass., he sends word that one of the chief reasons he has lived so long is because he has been a heavy pipe smoker since he was 12.

This suggests that Wash has been reading hokum interviews with other old folks, sensing the bunk—and that he also is the country's oldest humorist.

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky.

HENRY W. DEPP DENTIST

Gas Given For Painless
Extraction of
Teeth.

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

W. A. Coffey ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office Second Floor, Court House,
West Side, Adjoining Court Room.

COLUMBIA, KY.

SHERIFF SETTLEMENT, 1921.

A statement of the account of Cor- tez Sanders, Sheriff of Adair County, Kentucky, of the collection and dis- bursement of the General Fund, the School Fund, the Road Fund.

GENERAL FUND.

DEBITS

To 30c ad-valorem tax on \$4,971,084	\$ 14 913 25
To 15c ad-valorem tax on \$31,122 Agricultural Product	46 68
To 30c ad-valorem tax on \$6 675 Additional List	20 02
To 3,649 polls at \$1 00	3 649 00
To 9 polls at \$1 00 Addi- tional List	9 00
To 6 per cent penalty on \$2,598.95 uncollected Dec 1st, 1921	155 63
	18 783 58

CREDITS.

By Treasurer's Receipt November 5th, 1921	3 400 91
By Treasurer's Receipt December 24th, 1921	12 094 30
By 10 per cent Commis- sion for collecting \$5,- 000 00	500 00
By 4 per cent Commission for collecting \$13,783.58	551 35
By 30c ad-valorem tax on \$31,293 released	93 87
To 50 polls released	50 00
By amount paid commis- sioner for making settle- ment	40 00
	16 730 43

RECAPITULATION.

DEBITS	18 783 58
CREDITS	16 730 43

BALANCE DUE

2 053 15

The Commissioner finds that said Sheriff owes the General Fund \$2,- 053.15 subject however to the delin- quent taxes and releases allowed by the Fiscal Court. All of which is most respectfully reported.

T. R. Stults, Commissioner, Adair Fiscal Court.

March 31, 1922.

ROAD FUND.

To 15c ad-valorem tax on \$4,971,084	\$ 7 456 62
To 15c ad-valorem tax on \$6,675 Additional List	10 01
To 6 per cent penalty on \$586.77 uncollected Dec. 1st, 1921	85 20
	7 551 83

CREDITS.

By 15c ad-valorem tax on \$31,293 released	46 93
By Treasurer's receipt November 5, 1921	940 84
By Treasurer's receipt December 24, 1921	5 031 94
By 4 per cent commission for collecting	300 10
	6 319 81

RECAPITULATION.

DEBITS	7 551 83
CREDITS	6 319 81

BALANCE DUE

1 182 02

The commissioner finds that said Sheriff owes the Road Fund \$1,182 02 subject however to the releases allow- ed by the Fiscal Court. All of which is most respectfully reported.

T. R. Stults, Commissioner, Adair Fiscal Court.

March 31, 1922

SCHOOL FUND.

To ad valorem tax on \$4,- 156,519 outside of Grad- ed School District	16 626 07
To ad-valorem tax on \$6,- 679.00 additional list	26 70
To 3318 polls outside of Graded School District	3 318 00
To 8 additional polls	8 00
To 6 per cent penalty on \$1,225.10 uncollected Dec. 1, 1921	73 59
	20 052 27

CREDITS.

By ad-valorem tax on \$31,- 293 released	125 17
By 45 polls released	45 00
By Receipt from Noah Loy October 27, 1921	200 00
By Receipt from Noah Loy November 8, 1921	3 486 07
By Receipt from Noah Loy December 3, 1921	500 00
By Receipt from Noah Loy December 21, 1921	12 199 10
By Receipt from F. E. Webb February 2, 1922	1 032 11

By 1 per cent commission for collecting 200 52

17 797 97

RECAPITULATION.

DEBITS 20 052 27

CREDITS 17 797 97

BALANCE DUE

2 251 30

The commissioner finds that said Sheriff owes the School Fund \$2,- 254.30, subject however to the delin- quent taxes and releases allowed by the Fiscal Court. All of which is most respectfully reported.

T. R. Stults, Commissioner, Adair Fiscal Court.

March 31, 1922

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[BY WALLACE BASSFORD]

Secretary Mellon advised Con- gress some months ago that the Treasury was threatened with a deficit of some fifty millions un- less appropriations were reduced.

The President and the Republi- can leaders in Congress have been vociferating loudly about the wonderful economics prac- ticed, but Mellon is now out with a statement showing that the de- ficit will be about four hundred million instead of fifty. Another year of such Republican economy will put Uncle Sam in the poor house. If the bonus bill passes the Senate and is signed by the President, another heavy load is placed on the Treasury unless a way can be found to pay the bo- nus out of the interest and prin- cipal of the debts owed us by foreign governments. The chance that it can be paid in this man- ner is not promising, as England is the only one of our debtors capable of making large pay- ments now or within the near future.

The President is now urging that a loan of five millions be made to Liberia, the negro rep- ublic on the West African coast.

More money taken from the tax payer's pocket to be thrown at birds. Liberia now owes one and one-half millions with prac- tically no chance that it will ever be paid unless it is done out of the money which the President desires to advance. The chief object of the loan seems to be to show the colored voter in this country what a great and good friend the race has in the White House. Like the anti-lynching bill, it is intended to produce a profound effect on the colored brother.

The Senate Republicans are placing in the tariff bill a duty on hides, to fool the farmer. They will probably discover next November that the farmer is not easily fooled; he knows that a tariff on hides cannot make the packers' trust pay more for the live steer by reason of the hide which covers it. The packers bid their price for the steer, con- sidering him as so much beef and viewing the hide as a by-product obtained for practically nothing. It would take an ingenious Phil- adelphia lawyer to devise a method of getting around this situation and compelling the packers to pay a fair price for both the beef and hide; then be- gins the problem of preventing such outrageous profiteering as compels the farmer to pay much more for a pair of shoes than he receives for an entire beef hide. The Republicans are not tackling these problems with a desire to solve them; they are merely at- tempting to satisfy the farmer and he can not be satisfied with bumkum. The farmer would probably view with more appro-

val a real breaking up of the packers trust.

In the caucus of the Senate Republicans, eight senators vot- ed against the bonus. They are Calder of New York, Wadsworth of New York, Edge of New Jer- sey, Nelson of Minnesota, Waller of Maryland, Newberry of Mich- igan, Moaes of New Hampshire, and Sterling of South Dakota.

In 1920 the people voted for a change, and there is nothing more certain than that they got it, unless it is that they seem to have gotten more than they bar- gained for. Universal prosperity has been changed into universal hard times, which at last are be- ginning to yield to hard work and careful economy, with no tangible help from a Congress that does nothing looking toward real relief. From universal em- ployment the country reached point where six million able-bod- ied men were out of work. The Harding propagandist fooled a great many people of various classes; they even promised the Italian vote that Italy should have Fiume, but she hasn't got- ten Fiume up to this time. They even made the Germans think Harding would ease them out of their reparations payments, then Hughes told them to pay their bills without help or sympathy from the United States.

France's Population

We are informed that France is again "perturbed" about the growing birthrate in Germany, as compared with her own. In the first place, the birthrate in Germany has fallen enormously since the war came, and is apt to remain comparatively low. But why does France want to in- crease her population? If she feels another war is certain we see why she feels that they must have "food for cannon," to use a terrible phrase of the old Ger- man military clique, but other- wise France should be content with her population of 38,000,000. No doubt she wishes to maintain that population, as she has shown she can support it, but the birth- rate is large enough for that, and France's present population is about right.

The truth is that the French people have very sane ideas about the size of families. It is not true that large families are un- known in France. They fre- quently appear. But there is a rooted belief among the French people that parents should have no more children than they are able to take care of. And it is a wise and honest policy.

The French are a frugal people and they know how to save. It

Woodson Lewis & Son

GREENSBURG, KENTUCKY.

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House Paint, in White and all Colors. Exceptionally Low Price, \$2.00 per gal. Also a High Class Paint at \$3.25 per gal. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. We have made the price so that you can afford to buy Paint.

Cement, Plaster, Brick, Salt.

We handle the best quality Cement and Plaster. From long experience and education, we know what is the best. An En- gineer does not use a shovel or trowel, but he builds the roads. So we do not use the trowel, but we know the material and the quality. We will not sell you inferior quality Cement or Plaster.

We handle the best nice hard Brick.

Ohio Salt, in Barrels or Cotton Bags.

FERTILIZERS

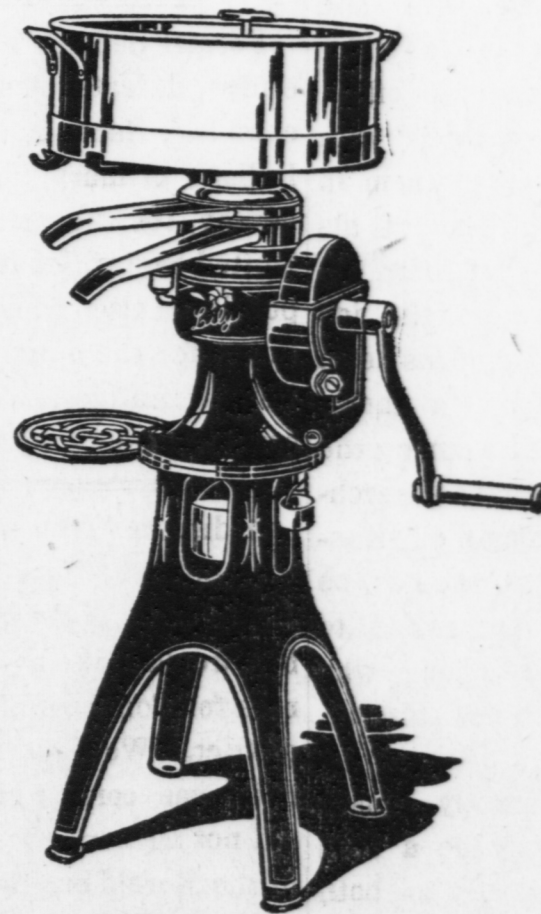
Corn or Tobacco, Best Brands and Lowest Prices. Be sure that you make a crop. Keep posted about all Farmers Associations. Produce the products and then be ready to get a living price. Lets us Farmers be a Firm, Compact, Liberal Organization.

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CREAM SEPARATOR



K. R. CHELF, Agent, of Adair County.

If you are Interested, write me at Knifley, Kentucky

is exceedingly bad form in France for a father to die with- out leaving his children some property.

The board of temperance of the Methodist Episcopal church announced its opposition to any law forbidding the sale of tobac- co to either men or women. The board, however, reiterates its opposition to sales to minors.

The board gives conclusive rea- sons for its action. The unwise- dom of seeking to legislate against the use of tobacco by men is admitted by a vast ma- jority of impartial people. And if men have a legal right to smoke, so have women. The Methodist board does not ap- prove of women smoking, but it does oppose any legislation upon the subject.

Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor

MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Manager

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESDAY, MAY 19 1922.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

In Kentucky \$1.50
Out of Kentucky \$2.00

All Subscriptions are due and Payable in Advance.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR JUDGE OF COURT OF APPEALS.

We are authorized to announce Judge D. A. McCandless as a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, Third District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that H. L. James, of Elizabethtown, Hardin county, is a Democratic candidate for Appellate Judge in the Third District, subject to the August primary.

FOR GOVERNOR.

The Louisville Post calls attention to the fact that the successor to both Senator Stanley and Senator Ernst will be elected during the term of the next Governor and suggests that the Democrats should nominate for Governor a person who will not be a candidate for U. S. Senator. The argument offered by the Post in support of its views is well founded. Should the Governor have ambition to occupy a seat in the Senate it is entirely probable that he will be a failure as Governor; he will be inclined to use the office to build up a machine to carry him to the Senate and the tax payer will foot the bill.

The Constitution fixes the term for which a Governor is elected at four years which is forty-eight months and provides that he is ineligible to succeed himself. The spirit of the Constitution requires a Governor to devote all of his time, skill and ability to the duties of the office and when one accepts the office, he enters into a contract with the people to serve them in that capacity to the best of his ability for a period of four full years. If he should quit the job before the expiration of his term or if he should become a candidate for another office during the term, the contract will be breached to the great damage of Kentucky. The voters should be careful to select a man suited to Executive duties and one who will stick to the job until his contract is completed.

People are differently constituted and we seldom see a man qualified and inclined to both Executive and Legislative service. Kentucky should have at the helm a man who has been successful in his private affairs, one who is acquainted with the fiscal needs of the state and who will devote all his time, skill and ability to the duties of the office for four years.

Ollie James was peculiarly equipped for Legislative service. A seat in the U. S. Senate was his goal. In 1907, he was urged to take the nomination for Governor on the theory that thereby he could reach the Senate. He

preferred to reach the Senate through his efforts in Congress and declined to use the governorship to attain his ambition.

Back "in the good old days" Williams, Beck, Blackburn, Carlisle and Lindsey did not think it proper to approach the United States Senate through the gubernatorial channel.

If the Post will encourage the Democratic idea of selecting the state ticket in a primary where the humblest citizen will have an equal chance with the crafty politician, we believe a Democratic ticket pledged to devote all its time to the respective office will be selected and that pledge will preclude them from being a candidate for another office during the term for which they are elected.

The Ohio State Journal, soundly Republican, but with a sense of humor constantly stimulated and aroused by this administration, says: "Economic conditions in the world have changed so much since the war that the tariff problem is vastly altered. We are the creditor nation now and the only way in which our debtors can pay is in their products. Our agricultural and manufacturing interests need, as never before, a wide, free foreign market. No one apparently, except the hardshelled old high protectionists, who is wrong about it, has a clear idea of just what ought to be done. This is one of the cases where it is better to do nothing than to do the wrong thing."

The Courier-Journal announces that by July 1, it will have on its building the greatest radio broadcasting apparatus obtainable. The Times in an editorial says "that every day and every night in every hamlet and at every crossroads in several states the clear voice of the Times and Courier-Journal radio will come as a bearer of information and a purveyor of pleasure. Thus the region in which these newspapers were born and have been brought up will share early the greatest scientific development of the ages."

Former Senator Albert J. Beveridge, defeated the present incumbent, Harry S. New, in the Indiana primary, held last Wednesday, for the nomination for United States Senator. The Republicans also nominated a full ticket for the national House of Representatives. The Democrats also nominated a full ticket.

A dispatch from this place to the Louisville Herald stated that Judge C. G. Jefferies, of Columbia, would make an independent race for Congress in the Eighth district. We asked the Judge if it was correct and he said he did not authorize the statement in the Herald but that he intended making the race.

Richard Croker, one time the chief of Tammany, and a very influential Democrat in New York, died at his home in Ireland last week. He left an immense estate and the whole of it goes to his Indian wife. By will he cut out his two sons by a former wife.

Inheritance taxes due Kentucky from forty-five estates, settled in April, amounted to \$23-133.88.

Miss Annie Webb Blanton, of Denton, Texas, is a candidate for Congress, and her brother, Thos. L. Blanton, Aberline, is also a candidate for re-election to Congress, but in different districts. Miss Blanton's opponent is Wm. G. Williams, of Decatur. In her speeches Miss Blanton asserts that she is for the bonus bill, stating that if you don't want the soldiers to get the money don't vote for me. Miss Blanton has been State Superintendent of Texas, and has filled other important positions.

It now begins to look like the murderer of Miss Lula Parsons, Pine Mountain school teacher, Harlan county, will be brought to justice. Some bloody clothing of Jerry Reed, of color, now in the penitentiary at Frankfort, have been found in a hollow tree a few hundred yards from where the girl was murdered. The clothing bears the number of Jerry Reed. It is also said that another convict saw Jerry place the clothing in the hollow tree.

Dr. John N. McCormack, perhaps the most prominent physician in Kentucky, head of the State Board of Health for a number of years, died at the age of 76 years at his home in Louisville last Thursday. His remains were shipped to Cincinnati for cremation. For many years his home was in Bowling Green, and from that city he removed to Louisville.

It looks a little suspicious. Mrs. Bulah Vance, 41 years old, widow of Charles Vance, a farmer of Nelson county, who was mysteriously murdered on August 3rd, while he was asleep at his home, became the bride, last Thursday, of Joe Lindsey, 51 years old, who was a farm hand for her dead husband. Lindsey and his bride were both arrested, charged with the killing, at the time it occurred and dismissed.

UNFAIR TO BUSINESS.

The Elizabethtown News writing from age and experience, compiles the following:

Judge Gary, presiding genius of the United States Steel Corporation, informs us the steel business has doubled in the past year. Have the profits of the farmer doubled in the past year? The railroads have greatly improved their income in the past year. Has the cost of living for those who work on the railroads shown any proportionate decline for the workers?

Business is up approximately fifty per cent and so is the cost of living even compared with 1914. Where are the profits going?

This is a sample of syndicated editorial that is going the rounds of the country press of the State and it is unfair to business.

We do think that Judge Cary said that the Steel business had doubled in the past year, but even if he did, that fact is unimportant when it is considered that the United States Steel Corporation for the first quarter of this year lacked \$6,000,000 of earning its preferred dividends.

As to the railroads, it was published a few weeks ago that the L. & N., which is one of the most conservative and best managed roads of the South, lacked \$468,000 of coming out even last year, while many other roads showed a heavy deficit.

Newest Styles Better Values

IN

Ladies, Gents and Childrens Footwear,

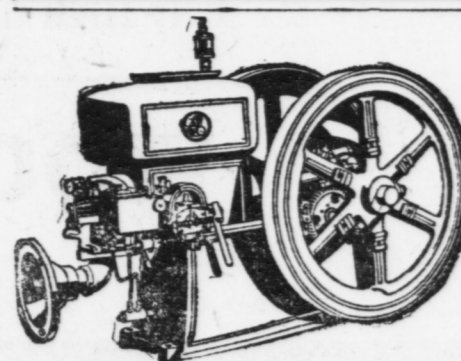
Also

Latest Creations in

Dress Goods, Notions and Novel-
ties, Hats, Caps, Etc.

Carpets, Rugs and Furniture.

DOHONEY & DOHONEY.



HERCULES ENGINES

DEPENDABLE POWER
at the
RIGHT PRICE

Compare the Price
Examine the Construction
Consult Your Neighbor
He Has One

Over 300,000 in Daily Use

The 8 Million Dollar Hercules
Corporation Stands Back of
its 5 Year Guarantee

Let Us Demonstrate This
Unusual Engine Value to You

S. F. EUBANK,
Columbia, Ky.

The Hercules Corp., Evansville, Ind.
Also Makers of Hercules Buggies

An effort to arouse the people against corporations on account of excessive earnings will hardly succeed at this time, because excessive earnings do not exist.

The profits are going not to the companies, but to skilled labor, whose wages are practically up to the 1919 peak, while the cost of living has greatly declined, and would decline more if labor would permit it.

A bridge across the Ohio river is favored as a memorial to Henry Watterson.

Program.

Program for Sunday school group gathering at Concord school house the first Sunday in June:

Singing.
Devotional—P. M. Bryant.
Opening address—S. I. Blair.
Song by Class.
Recitations by Misses Blair, of of Concord.
Recitation—Bertha Leach.
Home Missions and the American Sunday School Union—Alvin Rosson.

Recitation—Herden Reeves.
Recitation—Mirla Leach.
Recitation—Arlis Montgomery
Song—Shiloh Sunbeam Class.
Recitation—Alzada Chapman.
Recitation—Elizabeth Burress.
Recitation—Rena Burress.
The Call of the King—Four boys and girls.

Song by the Class.
Importance of Handbook work in Junior class.—Alvin Rosson.
Three Recitations by Disappointment Sunday school.
Address—H. J. Conover.

Recitation—Elsie Chapman.
Recitation—Nona B. Waggen-
er.

Recitation—Wilda Garvin.
NOON.

Song by class.
Quartet by four boys.
Recitation—Anna Lee Reeves.
Recitation—Ethel Willis Pow-
ell.

Story telling in Primary class—Mrs. Robert Rowe.

Rally Day by eight girls of Garlin Sunday School.

The Use of the Bible in the Adult Class—Horace Jeffries.

Song by Concord Junior class.
The Sunday Schools Connection with the Church—Rev. R. V. Bennett.

Recitation—R. B. Reeves.
Importance of Teacher Training—Prof. Crockett.
Address—Malcom Leach.
Importance of a Sunday School in a Community—Prof. Prather.
Recitation—Rosa B. Holt.
Recitation—Margaret Royse.
Dinner on the ground and every body invited.

Ozark.

We have had dry weather for the past week and a great deal of plowing was done. Some few have planted corn but nearly everybody is behind with their work. Wheat, oats and grass look fine pastures, are splendid, stock seem to be doing well.

Mesdames Emma L. Roy, Laura A. White, and Etta Montgomery have been quite sick for three weeks, but each one seems to be gaining strength at present.

Mrs. Mary Lee Conover is also numbered with the sick.

Everett Bryant, of Miami, visited his grandparents here last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Luther Bryant, wife, and daughter, Miss Ruby and Miss Jewell Bryant visited at home of Mr. Henry Bryant, last Sunday.

Miss Addie McKinley visited her brother, Mr. Felix McKinley and family near town recently. Messrs. Albert Bryant and B. B. Montgomery were in Louisville last week.

Campbellsville Hotel

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Formerly of Adair County.
Lodging 50c. Meals 50c
Cor. Main & Depot Sts.
CAMPBELLVILLE, KY

K. S. LESTER

DENTIST
Jamestown, - Kentucky.

PERSONAL

Mrs. J. L. Walker and little son returned from Burkesville last week.

Mr. Sam Bottoms, the well-known tobacco man of Campbellsville, was here a day or two of last week.

Mr. R. H. Humphress, Bardonia, was here recently.

Mr. W. G. Robinson, Lexington, was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days since.

Mr. R. C. Borders was here Thursday, taking orders.

Mr. M. O. Allen, Burkesville, was in Columbia Thursday.

Mrs. Sam Lewis left for Louisville last Thursday and will spend some weeks with her daughter, Mrs. L. W. Baldpate.

Mrs. Judith Ellis left last Friday morning, to spend a few months with her son, Pleasant Plains, Ill.

Messrs. Press Sandidge, J. R. Keene and Judge Fayette Simpson, of Cumberland county, passed through here Sunday, en route for Frankfort.

Mr. Geo. A. Smith was quite sick several days of last week.

Messrs. S. S. Goode and Emmett Goode, two prominent citizens of the Casey Creek country, was here a few days ago. The former is the President of the Casey Creek Bank.

Mr. W. E. Canada and Mr. Porter Gaskin, of Jamestown, were in Columbia a few days since.

Mr. John Q. Alexander, of Louisville, was taking orders here last week.

Mr. S. Bledsoe and Mr. R. H. West, insurance men, were in Columbia a few days ago.

Mr. B. M. Jones, Burkesville, made a business trip to this place a few days since.

Mr. Robt. Miller, Creelsboro, was in this place recently.

Mr. Jake Ballenger, Jamestown, was in this vicinity a few days since.

Mr. R. L. Bales, Somerset, was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Messrs. John D. Nead, Burnside, and Otha Heath, same place, had business in Columbia a few days since.

Mr. O. R. Friel, Knoxville, and O. T. Robinson, Chattanooga, were at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. C. W. Johnson, Campbellsville, was here a few days ago.

Mr. D. S. McElroy, Louisville, was at the Jeffries Hotel recently.

Mr. W. S. Barker, who a number of years ago, lived in Columbia, and was the miller at what is now known as the Myers & Barger Mill, was in Columbia a day or two last week, meeting old friends.

M. C. H. Pare, Glasgow, was in this city a few days since.

Mr. J. B. Watson, who is interested in a bakery at Burnside, spent last week at home here. He reports that the bakery is having a fine run at Burnside.

Mr. Ray Gooden, who is a brick contractor of Campbellsville, was here a few days since.

Messrs. Harrison Ashford and S. W. Hermon, of Liberty, Tenn., were in our midst the first of the week.

Mr. G. W. Dillon and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Rich Dillon, were up from Berea, to attend the play, last Thursday night.

Mr. Curt Bell and daughter, Kizzie, were here from Red Lick to attend the play last Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Ingram were in Louisville last week.

Mr. Geo. W. Lowe and wife and little son, George, Mr. and Mrs. Forest Lowe and Mrs. Press Miller were in Campbellsville last Thursday.

James, a little son of Mr. and Mrs.

Edwin Cravens, who has been quite sick, is getting well.

Messdames H. B. Simpson and Fred Simpson, Breeding, were here, shopping, Friday.

Mr. L. C. Winfrey and Mr. J. R. Garnett were the attorneys who accompanied the Adair county officers to Greensburg.

Mr. W. H. Ross, of Rock-House Bottom, was here last Friday.

Miss Opie Hart, of Newkirk, Okla., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Forest Lowe.

Mr. Chas. F. Paxton, Circuit Court Clerk of Adair county, who has been at his home, sick, for several weeks, is said to be improving. His friends will be glad when he is able to be out.

Mr. John Ricketts, Lebanon Junction, was here last Monday.

Mr. W. J. Chumley, a prominent attorney of the Jamestown bar was in Columbia last Saturday.

Mr. Albia Eubank made a business trip to Cincinnati last week. He returned via Frankfort.

Mr. Henry N. Miller has been laid up with rheumatism for several days.

Mr. Joe Morris was in Louisville last Friday.

Mr. James Powell and wife left on a visit to Texas, Monday. Mrs. Powell has a brother in that State that she has not seen for thirty years.

Mrs. John D. Lowe has been quite sick for several days.

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Depp and little daughter, Margaret, will return from Louisville today. Mrs. Depp has about recovered from her operation. Mrs. Petty, who is also in the hospital, is doing nicely, though her operation was very serious.

Miss Evelyn McLean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McLean has been seriously ill for several days.

Mrs. R. Mont Fesse, of Somerset, was here visiting relatives the last of the week.

Attention, Wool Growers

I have a contract this season to furnish large mills with wool, which enables me to pay you a better price than you can get elsewhere. Therefore, it is to your interest to see me before selling your wool.

Sam Lewis.

Examinations will be held on the following dates: County Diploma examination, May 11 and 12. County Teacher's Examination, May 19 and 20.

F. E. Webb, S. A. C. S.

Just Opened.

Mr. C. R. Hutchison, who has long been in the grocery, hardware and implement business in Columbia, but who was burned out last fall, has again embarked in business, and is occupying the store-room on the East side of the square, formerly used by the Cumberland Grocery Company, in the Russell building. Mr. Hutchison is filling his store-room as rapidly as possible, and says he will fill it to its capacity, and will keep for the benefit of the trade everything that families need to live upon. He will also handle a full line of farm machinery and all kinds of fixtures and farm seeds. He invites his friends to call and see him in his new place of business. Every thing will be sold at prices consistent with the times. There is an advantage in looking over an entire new stock. He is now ready for business.

27-3t

More Power, More Miles

Use
That Good Gulf Gasoline.
Joe Hurt,
Gulf Refining Co.

Dr. T. L. Higgenbotham, of Wichita, Kansas, an eye, nose and throat specialist, will be at Creelsboro, for ten days, after the 10th of May. Will arrange for a day in Columbia if called. Address him now at Creelsboro, Ky. If the patient is not able to pay, the Doctor will give attention gratis.

25-5t

When in need of Hardware and harness see

W. R. Hutchison,

Cane Valley

Attention, Teachers.

After July 1, 1922, all applicants for certificates must have had one year of high school work or its equivalent; and in addition thereto, five weeks normal school work. Any teacher who has had three years of experience in teaching may count this as equivalent of one year of high school work. Credits for normal school work may be secured by attending the summer normals, the State normals, or any other school or college recognized by the State Department for doing normal work.

No applicant is eligible to take the examination who is not 18 years of age prior to date of taking examination. No applicant under 18 should be allowed to take the examination for practice. Any superintendent who permits such applicants to take examination is liable under the laws governing the holding of examinations. No teacher who holds a certificate which does not expire during the ensuing year, should be permitted to take the examination.

Wanted to Buy.

A car load of stock ewes or ewes with lambs. Phone or write lowest cash price in first letter.

J. F. Cook & Co.,

Lexington, Ky.

28-4t

Now is plowing season. For Oliver Chilled plows and repairs see,

W. R. Hutchison,

Cane Valley.

For Sale.

Thirty-four good sheep. Sixteen of the number lambs.

Dave Willin, Glensfork, Ky.

Elsewhere in this issue will be noted an advertisement of the sale of Judge Joel Depp's splendid farm in Metcalfe county. Sale date is Tuesday, May 23. The sale will be under direction of The National Realty & Development Company, Lynn Adams, in charge. This fine farm is highly developed and improved, and one of the best in Southern Kentucky.

Before buying see our line of spring and summer dress goods. Our prices are right.

W. R. Hutchison,

Cane Valley

More Light and better light.

Use
Radium Kerosene.
Joe Hurt
Gulf Refining Co.

Last Thursday Mrs. Elmo Pearce, in attempting to change boiling water from one vessel to another, got one of her feet badly scalded.

For repairs for Deering and McCormick Mowers see,

W. R. Hutchison,
Cane Valley, Ky.

Wanted.

Frying chickens. Call
Mrs. Hamlett,
News Office.

Notice.

St. Marys vs Columbia will play in Columbia May 11. Do not miss this game.

See our 25c Enamel assortment.

Dohoney & Dohoney.

Joppa.

Some of the farmers of this section, who planted corn two and three weeks ago, have decided it has gone the other way, as it hasn't never come up.

There is the greatest fruit crop in this part that has been for a number of years.

Mr. Hunn, the well-known stock man, was through this part, Monday, looking after sheep and cattle.

R. M. Cabbell bought, last week, a nice bunch of shoats

SPRING and SUMMER GOODS

We have just received a New Stock of Mens Clothing, Shoes, Shirts, Underwear, Ties, &c., which we are offering at reduced prices.

LADIES MILLINERY

Consisting of a Large Stock of Pattern Hats at various prices.

LADIES FURNISHINGS

Coat Suits, Dresses in Silks, Canton Crepes, Crepe DeChene, Gingham, Percals, &c. Ladies Underwear, Hosiery from the finest Silks down. Oxfords, Neck Wear, &c.

Come and Look our Stocks of Goods Over

RUSSELL & CO.

Judge Joel R. Depp, S. Farm AT AUCTION

16 Miles East of Glasgow, Ky., and 4 West of
Edmonton, on New State Highway
Between Edmonton and Glasgow.

Tuesday, May 23, 10 a. m.

This splendid estate has been subdivided and will be sold in tracts ranging from 30 to 100 acres. The farm is located on the new highway which will be maintained by the State, 16 miles east of Glasgow and 4 miles west of Edmonton, in Metcalfe County, Ky.

THE LAND

The land produces 70 to 100 bushels of corn per acre, 35 to 40 bushels of wheat, 50 to 75 bushels of oats, 2 tons of hay, grows the finest grades of burley tobacco, a natural blue grass farm and grows alfalfa and clover abundantly.

The land was cleared from a forest of black walnut, oak, yellow poplar and beech, which is a conclusive proof of burley tobacco land and good soil.

OWNER LIVED ON FARM 17 YEARS

Judge Depp has lived on this farm 17 years, following stock and cattle raising. He has hauled one thousand loads of manure each year and scattered it over this farm for the past ten years. With this and his practical knowledge of Progressive farming, observing the rules and methods of diversified farming, taking care of the washes has resulted in the present high state of fertility and producing record for which this splendid estate is so favorably known. A good farm and a good farmer.

IMPROVEMENTS ON FARM

Three sets of improvements, two extra good residences, three tenant houses, one twelve acre tobacco barn, one five acre tobacco barn, one extra ordinary combination stock and dairy barn, with running water, piped from never failing spring to a large galvanized trough in hallway of horse and mule department, with overflow pipe extending to cattle department to trough, with overflow pipe extending to spring branch near the barn. Silo at end of barn, 140 ton capacity. All box stalls are ventilated with No. 8 corrugated wire, corn crib in barn, hay loft 100 ton capacity, hay fed direct from loft through hay racks in stalls. This is without question one of the best equipped barns in the county. One other barn with feeding arrangement in the center, silo in barn, hay loft 50 ton capacity, water in barn similar to the above described barn. Outbuildings, such as smoke houses, woodsheds and an extra barn used for corn crib. A variety of fruit trees, bearing. The premises are shaded by a splendid variety of beautiful shade trees.

STEEL AND CONCRETE BRIDGES UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The steel and concrete bridges on the new state highway are under construction between Glasgow and Edmonton and will be completed this summer, this will make the farm easily reached from Glasgow in one hour by car or truck. Daily mail is left at the entrance to this farm.

ABSOLUTE AUCTION

This will be as all other sales we have ever made, ABSOLUTE. You make the price the owner makes the deeds, that's all. For any particulars, address our local office. Terms of sale will be liberal and announced at the sale.

National Realty & Development Co.

W. A. Caudill, Gen. Mgr.

Home Office: 107 Todd Bldy. Louisville, Ky. Local Office: Farmers & Merchants Bank, Edmonton, Ky.
Lynn Adams, Director of Sales.

from different parties, at 10c per pound.

Mrs. Elner Wilkinson, of Glenville, was visiting her home folks last Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Barger.

We are now having one of the best Sunday schools at Zion we have had for years with Mr. F. G. Willis Superintendent, 10 o'clock promptly is the time we meet. If your hat is hanging on the rock when ten o'clock rolls round you needn't to start, you will be too late.

Mr. T. A. Holladay, accompanied by his wife and his mother, Mrs. Mattie Holladay, went to

Young's mill pond, last Wednesday, fishing, and had fine luck.

Quite a few from this part attended the singing at Shiloh Sunday.

There will be singing at Zion 3rd Sunday afternoon, conducted by several different leaders. There will be some special music rendered. Every body bring your books.

McGaha.

The Creek below the mill is giving the traveling public trouble, as wagons of corn had to be pulled out with extra help, recently.

We have the best dirt road in the county, from this place to

Sano, as it was graded and widened last Summer.

There is more travel from Jamestown and Russell Springs to Columbia than on either of the other roads heading from these places. What is mostly needed at this place is a bridge across the creek. A wooden bridge could be built for five or six hundred dollars. Our citizens will subscribe liberally, and the Fiscal Court will be asked to help.

My reason for writing is that I have not seen a line in the News from this place for a long time, and I am afraid the people will think we are all dead!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2



Down the Crooked Trail.

The outlines of the log house could be plainly discerned, the storm suddenly ceasing. The door stood open, smoke arose from the chimney, but no one was visible outside. The dull glow of an expiring fire appeared on the ground in front, but no guard was stationed about it. Evidently the fellows had retired to shelter. The major grasped all this in a glance, but what interested him most was the sound of steady firing some distance away.

"They have either all gone inside," he whispered to Pancha, crouching beside him, "out of the storm, or else they are over there where the fighting is. You hear those rifles?"

"Yes, señor."

"You don't suppose some other outfit had got in here ahead of us, do you?" he asked anxiously.

"No, señor," earnestly grasping his arm. "But is not that. I know; they fight up the canyon. Listen, see is over there the sound. They try to capture Señor Shelby; if we go quick we save them; we wait, maybe all be dead. Now we get all in the rocks, so none get away."

"I see." He looked at her keenly; then stepped back to where the men were clustered. "Captain, scatter these fellows out about that house there; move quickly, and see that no one gets away. Stiles, run back and have the squadron move forward. Bring up your horses."

The men dashed forward in a half-circle, the major, with Pancha at his shoulder advancing close behind them, his objective the open door. No sooner had they broken cover when the alarm sounded; a muffled voice yelled excitedly; a rifle or two cracked; a soldier running rapidly, plunged forward on his face, and lay still. Then white and red surged crowding through the door, surprised, trapped, crazy to escape. Only one among them dared the venture in face of those leveled carbines. A tall, gaunt white renegade, with red whiskers, and one arm in a sling, his uninjured hand gripping a revolver, leaped from the front step in a reckless endeavor to get out of sight around the corner of the cabin. The major flung up his arm and fired, the fellow whirling about in his stride and stumbling as he fell. He got upon one knee again, and the "35" spit twice viciously before a trooper sent a bullet crashing into his brain. Hays felt the zip of lead past his face, but stood erect, unhurt. Behind him Pancha uttered a startled sob and sank slowly onto the snow. He sprang back and caught her, holding her head up on his knee, his eyes staring down into her white, upturned face. She breathed once—that was all; never spoke, never moved, except for the slight tremor of her slender form in his arms. The major laid her softly down, his own face drawn and white with sudden passion, and strode across to where the slain outlaw lay in a huddled heap. An instant he looked down at the brutal face, oblivious to all else.

"D—n you!" he muttered in useless rage. "I wish I'd killed you!"

Then he turned suddenly, the spirit of the soldier in the ascendency.

"Deploy your men, Captain Giles," he commanded, his voice hard and stern. "Swing them into line. Leave a squad here under a sergeant. Live-ly, boys; that is one of our old lads fighting those devils over yonder. Now we're going to strike in, and d—n me, if I care if you never take a prisoner. Good! give me my horse. All ready? Bugler, sound the charge!"

They swept forward on a walk, then a trot, spreading out onto long, double line, as they swung into the more open valley, riding knee to knee, the men bending forward in their stirrups, with left hand grasping the reins, the right gripping the short carbines. A hundred yards and they were at the gallop, a blue torrent, at the heels of their leader; tearing through weeds and underbrush, spurring recklessly into and over the creek, dashing up the other bank to the very foot of the bluff beyond. It was then the major saw the uselessness of it. He whirled with uplifted saber.

"Fight on foot. Horse-headers to the rear. Come on, lads!" he shouted, his voice pealing above even the thud of

The Big Muskeg

By
VICTOR
ROUSSEAU

To Victor Rousseau, the author of many charming tales, falls the honor of writing the first really big romance concerned with railroad building and empire winning in northern Canada.

The heart-breaking struggle of an engineer against terrific odds; the love of a woman which made her almost a martyr; the love of another woman which outlawed her best instincts; the swift death that came from nowhere; the devious ways of a fox with heart of a beast and body of a man—all this woven into a fabric of singular fascination—of compelling interest.

It Is Our New Serial Starting

noors. "Get up there some way, you ferriers, and give those red devils h—!"

They came forward at a run, yelling as they came, and leaped in among the rocks, their carbines beginning to spit as they clambered upward. Overhead were skurrying figures, and spurts of black smoke, as the Indian rifles made answer.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Rock Platform.

Shelby had no time to think, or to even comprehend clearly what confronted him. There was a second in which he rammed a handful of cartridges into his empty gun; and then they were on him, a dozen Indians swarming up the face of the rock, and clutching for a hold on the parapet. He fired blindly straight into their faces, aware that another revolver cracked close beside his ear, yet with no opportunity to glance about. He saw assailants topple backward, clutching fingers release their hold, rifles flung high in air, and roll down the slope. Savage yells blended into cries of death agony. He felt the clip of a ball in his shoulder and staggered back from the blow; a tomahawk grazed his wrist, and the quick slash of a knife ripped open a leg of his trousers, a red stain discoloring the opening. He had glimpse of fierce, infuriated faces, of waving scalplocks, of naked chests and arms. Fingers clutched at him, and he kicked himself free. Both guns empty, he battered away with the butts, smashing at every face he saw, no desire left but to kill, before he also was dragged down. He knew nothing of Olga, where she was, what she was doing—he only realized that he must stand there, and fight until they got him—she would keep one shot; she had pledged that.

And the devils made it, creeping far out over the gulf, and drawing themselves up beyond reach of his arm. One fell, going down with a howl of terror; a second was struck by a speeding bullet, dead ere he went whirling back into the air—but the third made it, creeping up onto the narrow platform, with others surging behind, knives gripped in their teeth. Shelby hurled his empty pistol into the face of the nearest before the fellow could attain his knees, and grasped a discarded rifle which dangled over the stone coping. With one bound he was at the edge swinging this weapon as a woodsman might an ax, driving the iron stock against every head that appeared. He staggered back, breathless, half blinded by a wound over his eye, aware only that the front of the rock was swept clear, that not a savage was left for him to strike at. She touched him, and he whirled, thinking it another enemy.

"Don't, Tom, don't!" she begged. "Merciful heaven, you are all blood. Look out there! are those soldiers?"

He held up the flap of skin, and stared where she pointed. Across the white snow covering the valley below, riding stirrup to stirrup in a wild charge, two lines of cavalry were sweeping straight toward the foot of the bluff. He knew what they were at a glance; their lines steady even at a gallop, the spurring officer in front, the glitter of carbines, the silence, left no doubt. No Indians rode like that

He watched them, grasping her tightly to him now, scarcely able to speak. Once only, he gave utterance.

"My God! See those fellows ride!"

"They are soldiers?"

"Yes, yes! Good Lord, lassie, but that looks like old Hays leading 'em. Its the Sixth, the Sixth—a squadron of the Sixth!"

He staggered to his knees, but still held himself up, peering over the coping. She knelt beside him, half supporting him against her shoulder. The charging horsemen swept in out of sight below, but they could hear them crash through the underbrush, and splash their way across the stream. Then there echoed up to them the ringing cheer of white voices, and the dull bang of the carbines.

How they made that ascent it is doubtful if a trooper knows; but they did, creeping from rock to rock, dragging themselves along gullies, hauling their bodies up by sheer strength of arm, springing from point to point—inch by inch, foot by foot, fighting as they advanced, firing at every skulking figure in their front, skirting precipices, leaping across chasms, clinging desperately to every rock or shrub, their carbines spitting viciously, eager only to get at hand's grips with the foe. High above, Shelby and Olga caught glimpses of toiling figures, of leaping jets of flame, of fierce struggles hand to hand, of Indians seeking to escape. Sharp-voiced rifles answered the carbines, and a dead soldier hung dangling over the edge of a rock; another nursed a bleeding arm in the shelter of a cedar. But the unhurt came on. Some among them had stumbled onto the trail, for



The Ringing Cheer of White Voices and the Dull Bang of the Carbines.

soon a squad appeared just below. They stopped and turned over the body of Laud, so, as to see the man's face; then tramped forward, paying no heed to the dead Indians. Shelby recognized the major among them, and arose to his feet with difficulty, supporting himself with one arm about Olga's shoulder. The major was panting from the exertion of the climb, never glancing up until brought to a halt by the rock, its foot littered with the dead bodies of savages.

"Good God! look here," he exclaimed excitedly. "Those devils were paying the price," he choked and coughed. "Whew! that sort of thing winds me. Must be getting old, sergeant, yet, by Jove! I passed the test two weeks ago." He cast his eyes upward, and saw the two standing just above him. "Hullo, Shelby! we are here in time, then. Some good fighting, my boy. Here, a couple of you, give me a lift. I'll never make it alone."

He was hoisted over the stone coping, instantly straightening up and warmly grasping Shelby's outstretched hand.

"Not badly hurt, I judge, lad!"

"No, sir; chipped here and there is all, and have lost some blood."

"Mighty glad of that. By God, you are an honor to the regiment." He turned about, and stared down the bluff, his eyes brightening with appreciation. "Talk about your Alpine chasms; those fellows of mine could give pointers to a mountain goat. Just look at them come up there. By the way, Shelby, we've got a surgeon back there somewhere. If you don't need him yourself, you've got a wounded man here, I understand."

"No, sir; his name was Macklin, and he's dead. He died before the fight began. Who told you?"

"A little Mexican girl; seemed to think a lot of the fellow. Meeting up with her is what brought us in here."

"Pancha—yes; where is she?"

The major removed his hat soberly. "I am sorry to say she got hurt—yonder by the waterfall."

"Hurt! Not killed?"

"Yes, instantly."

Shelby drew a long breath, and his eyes and those of his wife's met.

"She is happier that way, Tom," she said understandingly. "Now she will never know. I dreaded so to tell her."

Hays caught the words, his eyes seeking the speaker's face.

"Who was the man?" he asked shortly. "One of the outfit?"

"Yes; in no way worthy."

"I thought likely; and you, I take it, madam, you are Tom Shelby's wife?"

"Yes," she answered quietly, her

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

"They Satisfy"

clasp tightening on her husband's arm. "I am, and also Colonel Carlyn's daughter. We both belong to the Sixth."

"Carlyn's daughter! Great Scott! do you actually mean that? Do you know they have been hunting you from one end of the border to the other? There was a lawyer in my quarters a week ago questioning me about what had become of Sergeant Calkins. Lord, I didn't know."

"It is true, then, that I am wanted?"

"They've been trying to strike your trail for years, the lawyer told me. Some money down East which was left to your mother; let's see, she was a—a—"

"Churchill."

"That's it. The first thing you better do, young woman, is to take a trip to old Virginia."

She smiled, a wistful look in the depths of her eyes, as they sought the face of her husband.

"It is just as Tom says," she answered quietly. "I am very content now."

The firing had ceased, and soldiers crowded the trail below; the play was ended.

(THE END.)

Coburg.

We are having some real good weather at present, but trust it will not be very long until we will have some real bright sunny days.

The young folks of this community surprised Miss Audrey Farris last Monday night, it being her 16th birthday. There were about twenty guest present and all reported a nice time.

Miss Mollie Morris spent Friday night with Miss Annie Johnson.

Misses Mary and Lizzie Jeter and their mother returned home one day last week, after a brief visit to relatives at this place.

Miss Annie Morris spent last Monday night with Misses Mollie and Ruth Morris.

Miss Delta Cravens and Mr. Robert Gore were married last Thursday evening at the home of Rev. Burdette, of Cane Valley, Ky. We wish for them a long and happy wedded life.

Rev. Marrs and daughter of Campbellsville, Mrs. Lier Kemper and two children and Mrs. Nannie Biggs took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Whitney.

Mrs. H. A. Johnson and daughter, Opal, of Elkhorn, were the week end guests of Mrs. Johnston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Chewning, of this place.

James M. Cox, former candidate for President, will go to Europe to attend the sessions of the League of Nations.

ANNUAL FIELD DAY

L. W. T. S.

MAY, 13, 1922

PROGRAM

Morning, 10 O'clock.

Admission 25c.

Base Ball Game

L. W. T. S. vs Glensfork

Afternoon, 1:30 O'clock.

Admission 25c.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 50 Yard Dash, Grades 4, 5, & 6 | 14 Potato Race |
| 2 Boys High Jump | 15 Girls Half Hammar |
| 3 Girls Hurdle Race | 16 220 Yard Dash |
| 4 Candy Eating Contest, grades 1,2,3 | 17 Three Leg Race |
| 5 Boys 100 Yard Dash | 18 Pole Vault |
| 6 Somersault Race | 19 Girls 100 Yard Dash |
| 7 Girls High Jump | 20 Boys Throwing Contest |
| 8 440 Yard Dash | 21 880 Yard Dash |
| 9 100 Yard Dash, Grades 7 and 8 | 22 Half Hammar |
| 10 Girls Broad Jump | 23 Girls Throwing Contest |
| 11 Shot Put | 24 Girls Class Relay Race |
| 12 Egg Race | 25 Society Race |
| 13 Broad Jump | 26 Boys Hurdle Race |

A Good Committee

Louisville Democrats have at last finished the task of reorganizing the Democratic City and County Committee in Louisville, and the finished product is of a character that should make for future political success.

All the men brought into the committee are intelligent and forwardlooking citizens, and most of them have had experience in political organization. It is to be assumed that they will appoint as their coadjutors women of similar capacity, and during the next year or two we will hear less of factional quarrels inside the party organization, and more of united efforts to build the party up to a point where it can begin to win victories. The Evening Post congratulates the party upon its new committee, and looks to that committee to offer this community strong candidates for the Court of Appeals and for Congress in this year's election.—Louisville Post.

The News \$1.50 in KY,

Res. Phone 13-B. Business Phone 13-A

Dr. J. N. Murrell

—DENTIST—

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries' Bldg.

UP STAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY

L. H. Jones

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist of a

Special attention given Disease Domestic Animals

Office at Residence, 1 mile of town, on

Phone 114 G.

Columbia, Ky

The West Virginia man who at the age of 108 years says he finds it easy to earn a living cutting railroad ties, might tell us how he supported his family in the days before there were any railways.

THE "OLD RELIABLE" THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

White Haired Alabama Lady Says She Has Seen Medicines Come and Go But The "Old Reliable" Thedford's Black-Draught Came and Stayed.

Dutton, Ala.—In recommending Thedford's Black-Draught to her friends and neighbors here, Mrs. T. F. Parks, a well-known Jackson County lady, said: "I am getting up in years; my head is pretty white. I have seen medicines and remedies come and go but the old reliable came and stayed. I am talking of Black-Draught, a liver medicine we have used for years—one that can be depended upon and one that will do the work."

"Black-Draught will relieve indigestion and constipation if taken right, and I know for I tried it. It is the best thing I have found for the full, comfortable feeling after meals. Sour stomach and sick headache can be relieved by taking Black-Draught. It aids digestion, also assists the liver in throwing off impurities. I am glad to recommend Black-Draught, and do, to my friends and neighbors."

Thedford's Black-Draught is a standard household remedy with a record of over seventy years of successful use. Every one occasionally needs something to help cleanse the system of impurities. Try Black-Draught. Insist upon Thedford's, the genuine. At all druggists.

MODERN AMERICAN SLAVES.

BY JOSEPH M. PIERCE.

Berea College Academy, Text: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." John 10:10.

Where Are These Slaves?

In the hills and valleys of Appalachian America. I do not mean by this that all of the people in the Appalachians live in abject poverty. Oh, no! there are many of them just as wealthy and many just as cultured and progressive as their more fortunate brothers living in the Blue-grass, or on the fertile plains of the great West. As one has well expressed it, "Many of these people do not need your sympathy, or mine." What I mean to say is that in a great many of these mountain communities there are people who, through no fault of theirs, must do more than their share of hard work, and receive less than their share of the good things of life.

Mountains and rivers separate them from their well-to-do neighbors. Frequently we see whole communities, and sometimes a great number of them, thus isolated. In fact, the mountain sections of all the states are rather sharply defined, being separated from the more level sections by great natural barriers. Behind these barriers they build their humble homes, and love, and laugh and toil, and rear their children without education.

Who Are They?

They are, most of them, of Anglo-Saxon or Scotch-Irish blood, worthy descendants of the pioneers who first settled on the Atlantic seaboard, and who laid the foundations of the Republic. They are of the same stock as the Pilgrim Fathers and the Scotch Covenanters, of John Adams and Patrick Henry, Longfellow and Bryant, Clay, Lincoln, George Rogers Clark and Daniel Boone, William McKinley and Woodrow Wilson.

Why Are They Slaves?

Memory's magical pinions carry me back across the years to an aged couple, sitting by a large, old-fashioned fireplace. They are sitting alone, weeping, the cheery glow of the fire contrasting strangely with their troubled faces. I see a tremulous quiver of their lips and the tears start in the eyes of both as the old man says, "Marthy, we'll just have to give it up; we've done all we can." "Marthy" clings to him and sobs until she speaks, then I hear her say, "Don't, don't talk like that, dear; the Lord will provide a way for us. You must take heart." Dear old soul! She, too, feels discouraged, and weary of poverty's grind, but womanlike, she never gives up, and presently I see the old man's face light up as she suggests a way out of the present difficulty.

"My hens are beginnin' to lay," I hear her say, "and I'm a-goin' to set ev'ry one that will set and hatch off as many early chickens as I can; they will be a lot o' help, then by and by the garden truck will come in, and the fruit; and if we both keep our health, there is nothin' to hinder us from pullin' through;" and she clinches her argument with a kiss, planted exactly on the old man's chin. The kiss is

VICTOR ROUSSEAU



An able and busy novelist, Victor Rousseau has turned out many stories and has escaped the criticism made of so many popular writers. Many authors, who write a great deal find difficulty in avoiding a sameness of plot and characterization. Mr. Rousseau has been able to escape this. Everyone of his tales shows a refreshing originality in plot and handling.

He made his success in the United States several years ago and is now returning to this country after a sojourn in the literary circles of England. He knows Canada well and it is not surprising that his latest book should deal with a very vital phase of the redeeming of northern portions of that country from the wilderness. A story of romance and thrilling adventure, it is entitled, "The Big Muskeg" and will be offered to readers of this publication as a serial. Do not miss the opening instalment.

returned. Together they "thank God and take courage," feeling that in some way the Lord will "provide."

This case is truly representative of thousands that may be found in the odd corners and out-of-the-way places, far back in the hills. Here people live, sometimes on good land, sometimes on poor. It makes no great difference what kind of land it is, a living is the most that can be expected anyway. Why should a man grow great crops to go to waste, or to be sold for a song?

Frequently, though, we find the land too poor or too rough to grow good crops, and so we see considerable renting. The renter does the work for a part of the crop.

Corn is king of the crops, and when one farmer asks another about his crop, he usually wants to know if he has prepared his corn "ground" or if he has planted corn, or just how he is progressing in its cultivation. "Are you over your corn?" is an oft-repeated question; and there is considerable rivalry to see who will be the first to "lay by." Here and there may be found considerable crops of wheat and oats or money crops of various kinds, but corn is practically always the main crop. The crops are cultivated with insufficient and very inefficient tools, requiring all the hand labor available, and sometimes more, and the yields are usually low. The methods of cultivation make the cropping season long and arduous—most of the year, in fact. It is this fruitless sweating, this perpetual grind from year to year, that makes progress difficult when it is not impossible. And it is this that makes the men and women and little children slaves. A slave is a person who labors without reward, and certainly these people do. Schools are few and poor, and poorly patronized. "I've got to have my children at home to

help mek' the livin'; edgercation don't mek' cloze to wear, or enny thing for pore people to live on" is a common feeling often expressed.

Are they wrong? "Yes, says one who has never thought about it, but suppose we think a little and see if they are so far wrong after all. Suppose you and I had to work all the time to live, and did not live very comfortably at that: How much education would we have? It is a fact that until existing wants are supplied, until people are clothed and fed, there can be little, if any, consideration of the higher spiritual and intellectual wants. The devil never did tell the exact truth in that old saying of his, "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

Emancipation.

Permanently relief must come from within—and from Above. Too much faith has been placed in Eastern capital, too much breath has been wasted sighing for the railroad that has never and may never come. The really effective helpers of the mountain people must be of their own number—men and women who have grown up in the mountains, and who, better than any outsider, understand the mountain problems. Who, then, are going to be the Lincolns who give to Appalachian America her Emancipation Proclamation? There can be but one answer. They must be the preachers and community leaders, trained teachers, practical farmers and business men who, trained for service in Christian institutions, will go back to these same communities and give to them the good things they have received. They are the ones who must teach the mountain people, and demonstrate to them a better way than they have known.

Especially does the task call for scientific farmers—men who know and can show that a man can make a decent living on these mountain farms, and not make a slave of himself or his family; that a farmer in the mountains can educate his children: that he can have good roads, good churches and good schools; and that he can find time to visit his neighbor and to worship God. To the Christian students of the mountains is given this high and holy privilege of ushering in a new day—the privilege of working with the Master in leading these souls into a larger and fuller life. He came "that they might have life, and have it more abundantly."

Bogard, Mo.

April 25th, 1922.

Editor News:—

It has been some time since you heard from me. If you will allow me a little space in your good paper I will let my many friends that are readers of the Adair County News know that we are still living and getting along fairly well. Well, we had a delightful winter in Carroll Co. No snow or rain scarcely at all, but March and April have made up for it. The roads have been almost impassable. The farmers are just now getting into the fields to sow oats. Not a furrow plowed for corn yet, except a little fall breaking, but when it does warm up every thing grows mighty fast. In Missouri, wheat, grass and clo-

ver are looking fine. Never saw a better prospect for fruit if nothing happens to it from now on, we will have a bountiful crop of all kinds of fruit. Well, I will tell you something about our little town. Bogard is located on the Burlington Railroad, 7 miles north, 1½ miles West of Carrollton, near the center of the county and has a population of nearly 500 inhabitants, one depot, has 6 daily trains, has 3 mails a day, 2 churches, 1 school building, 2 banks, 1 postoffice, 1 drug store, 5 general stores, 4 grocery stores and restaurants, 1 jewelry store, 1 harness shop, 1 furniture and undertaking building, 2 hotels, 3 barber shops, 1 cleaning and pressing establishment, 3 garages, 1 feed mill, 1 elevator, 1 blacksmith shop, 1 filling station, 2 poultry houses and cream stations, 2 coal dealers, 1 concrete block machine, owned and operated by Frank Collins, formerly of Adair, 1 lumber yard, 1 contractor, who works several hands and has 2 or 3 houses under construction at one time. All the houses now are modern, with basement and concrete foundation equipped with furnaces and electric lights. Bogard is a good shipping point for a small town. The agent tells me he ships out upon an average of 35 car loads per month. We have one Baptist preacher here from Southern Ky., Rev. S. B. Moore, and one Cumberland Presbyterian preacher from Northern Tennessee, Rev. S. B. McNeely. So you see we Kentuckians kinder feel at home here. Well, I believe that the Adair Co., people that are all well. Bram White and Frank Shirley spends a good part of their time on the creek fishing. I never see them bring in any fish but they come up to town every morning before starting out and tell what a good breakfast they had of catfish, corn bread and coffee. Glad to learn through the News that W. M. Wilmore, of Gradyville, is improving. Hope he will soon be at his post of duty again, that we will soon be reading his good newsy letters again. Glad to know that Adair is making some substantial roads. We are all well except Pheobe. She does not improve any. Helen is in school, Coakley and Nora are still running their grocery store and restaurant. Lethia, Alma and little daughter, Lucile, are living in Elida, N. Mex. Alma is in the goods business with his brother, Dolphus. Emma and Mr. Nix are on their ranch near Branson, Colorado. Emma was at home on a two weeks visit this spring after being away two years. She has a fine baby boy, six months old. Will close with best wishes to the News and its many readers.

Most Respt.,
Luther M. Wilmore.

When a movement is undertaken for the benefit of this town every citizen has a right to his own opinion, and there can be no valid objection to according him no right. The opposition, however, should come out in the open and make their objections known, in order that weak points may be given due consideration. It is only by such means that objectionable features can be corrected or eliminated. The man who opposes in secret and works under cover does more harm than good, both to himself and to the community.



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COURT OF CLAIMS.

Following is a list of Claims allowed at the Regular April Term, 1922, of the Adair County Fiscal Court, together with the amounts, and to whom allowed, as will be found of record in the Fiscal Court Order Book, at pages, 250 to 273:

L. H. Jones Examine diseased horse	\$ 3 50
J. W. Rafferty, 6 mo. salary County Live Stock Inspector	75 00
Adair County News Printing Ballots, etc	186 65
Drs. Russell & Hindman Holding Idiot Inquest	24 00
W. T. Price Assistant Election Commissioner	2 25
Carter Sanders 5 days Election Commissioner	10 00
J. L. McLean 5 days Election Commissioner	10 00
T. E. Jeffries 5 days Election Commissioner	10 00
Drs. Russell & Hindman 1 year salary Jail Physician	50 00
Evans Bros., furnishing Small Pox Patient	23 28
J. W. Burton Goods for Jail	11 95
G. F. Stults Work on Jail	9 00
Russell & Co., goods for jail	26 45
Gordon Montgomery County Attorney for Kentucky Statute	30 00
Louisville Chemical Co., for Disinfectant for jail	11 00
Standard Printing Co., for Books, etc	74 10
Bradley Gilbert Co., for Books, etc	141 49
Board of Supervisors 17 days services	229 50
Pauly Jail Bldg., Co., Pad Lock, etc	17 88
W. N. Coffey 8 days investigating condition of County	40 00
T. E. Stults 8 days investigating condition of County	40 00
J. B. Garnett 3 days investigating condition of county	

M. C. Winfrey Voting house	3 00
O. W. Willis same	3 00
Junius Hancock same	3 00
Sam Lewis same	3 00
C. H. Sandusky same	3 00
Hal Durham same	3 00
W. S. Hindman same	3 00
Gib Downey same	3 00
Zidner Willis same	3 00
Strong Hill same	3 00
Frank Furkin same	3 00
Riley Jones same	3 00
G. W. Dillon same	3 00
A. W. Turner same	3 00
S. F. Harvey same	3 00
H. K. Taylor same	3 00
Charlie Collins same	3 00
Ulysses Cravens same	3 00
Mark Wilson same	3 00
Hugh E. Giles same	3 00
Pete McQueary Trustee same	3 00
A. T. Jones voting house	3 00
Steve Knifley same	3 00
J. B. Hovious same	3 00
John Wolford Trustee voting house	3 00
R. O. Dillingham voting house	3 00
L. M. Smith same	3 00
L. M. Smith same	3 00
Johnson Humphress Trustee voting house	3 00
C. H. Sandusky Lumber for Jail and Courthouse	77 98
S. P. Miller Salary Health Office	212 50
S. P. Miller Expense to Louisville Health Institute	29 24
Vital Statistic Claims 1921	378 75
Davis Hardware Co., Goods for jail and court-house	53 56
J. M. Kearnes Machine shop Grates for engine	10 47
Edwin Cravens work on Courthouse and jail	58 97
Geo. Akin Jr., Repair Engine	2 04
Dr. S. A. Taylor Labor Case at County farm	15 00
Dr. S. A. Taylor 6 Month Salary physician County Farm	25 00
J. B. Watson Bedding for jail	6 00
Bert Epperson 6 months Salary County Treasurer	50 00

W. I. Ingram Goods for jail	42 16
T. L. Conover Burning Carcus	5 00
J. O. Grissom Burning Carcus	5 00
H. C. Willis for 36 Loads Rock for Road	18 00
Barger Bros., Goods furnished for jail and courthouse	44 87
Albin Murray Cots furnished for jail	10 00
Dohoney & Dohoney Goods for jail	21 70
C. C. Roe, Sr., Keeping Paupers at County farm	500 00
T. G. Rasner & Son Repair on road Engine	2 50
Willis & Conover work on Court-house	4 00
W. S. Rodgers Coffin for Pauper	5 00
Bill Jones work on jail	10 00
C. G. Jeffries amount of expenses to and from Frankfort	20 00
S. C. Neat same	20 00
S. C. Neat, Clerk, entering road orders, etc	80 50
S. F. Eubank Repair on Court-house	6 00
Geo. Coffey, Sheriff, Waiting on Courts, Services as Sheriff, etc	303 10
F. W. Miller Services as Jailer, etc	333 60
Oliver McGaha 4 1/2 days work for County	14 60
Huber Mfg Co., Repairs for County Road Roller	74 94
H. A. Walker Grate Bars for Engine	27 70
Henry Cooley Vital Statistic	75
H. A. Walker expenses to and from County farm for interest of the County	4 00
L. Akin same	4 00
Alvin Loy, same	4 00
S. F. Eubank Repairing Engine	20 73
W. T. Burton Justice Peace 4 days	16 00
Alvin Loy same	16 00
E. S. Rice same	16 00
L. Akin Same	16 00
H. A. Walker same	16 00
W. S. Hindman same	16 00
G. L. Wolford same	16 00
S. C. Neat, Clerk, same	16 00
State of Kentucky, } Set County of Adair,	

I, S. C. Neat, Clerk of the Adair County Fiscal Court, certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the Claims allowed at the last Regular Term of the Adair County Fiscal Court held at its Regular Term, April 1922.

Given under my hand as Clerk of the Adair County Court, this April 27th, 1922.

Attest. S. C. Neat, Clerk, A. C. C

Cumberland County Oil News.

BY T. EARLE WILLIAMS.

Drilling on the No. 1 well on the I. Y. Morgan farm in Irish Bottom, is temporarily suspended on account of awaiting the arrival of repairs for the rig. The three wells on the L. D. Potts farm, are equipped and being pumped.

The Southern Oil & Refining Co. are drilling on their No. 1 on the T. M. Glidewell farm at around 600 ft.

The Cresen Oil Co. drilled in their No. 3 on the Lela Keen farm on Bear Creek, this well after being shot and put on the pump is showing for a five barrel well. They will immediately start drilling on their No. 4 on the same track.

Johns & Patterson, are spudding in on their No. 1 on the F. F. Smith farm, on Cedar Creek.

Dr. W. J. Lange, of Pittsburg, Pa., who is President of the Oil Fork Development Co., arrived here Sunday to spend several weeks in this field, this company will immediately start drilling on the F. F. Smith farm on Bear Creek, which joins the Lela Keen farm on the East.

C. A. Gartlan and others are still held up on their No. 1 on the Wix Donaldson farm awaiting fuel but expect to drill in the last of the week.

The McClintock Oil Co.'s No. 2 on the O. F. Coop farm, on Sulphur Creek, is a big gasser and the company has capped it for fuel and are moving to the Hobd farm, and are spudding in on their No. 1 there.

The Associated producers are drilling on their No. 2 on the G. W. Coop Jr. farm.

W. S. Radure's No. 1 on the Holman farm, at the mouth of Sulphur Creek, will be drilled to the deeper sands.

Dr. E. E. Palmore and others are 200 ft. and temporarily shut down on the No. 1 on the J. T. Smith farm, on Kettle Creek, awaiting repairs for their rig to arrive from Nashville, after which drilling will be resumed. That section has long been thought by operators to be very promising and should production be found there it will mean a considerable extension of the pool to the south in Cumberland county.

Among the important new developments for the week is the announcement that W. S. Radure is moving a rig to the John Parrish farm near Amandaville, drilling to commence immediately near the site of the "old Ebert well." No drilling has been done in recent years in that vicinity, but the records show that some famous producers were drilled there many years ago and as it has never been drilled enough to

test it, great things are expected by operators here from that section.

The Ohio Refining Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, are making rapid progress in their arrangements to ship crude oil from this territory to their plant at Cincinnati. They have tanks set on one barge and expect to have another one equipped within the next ten days, and they will be in a position to begin making shipments by May 1st.

The brick work is nearing completion on the New Burkesville Hotel, it will be a handsome three story building and will have all modern conveniences. It will greatly improve the appearance of the town and add to the convenience of the traveling public.

Nobody Pleased.

Governor Cox may find some men who will differ with him upon many of the points that he is making relative to the conduct of the Federal government, but he will find but few who will disagree with him in the condemnation he makes of the appointment of George Harvey as American Ambassador to Great Britain, and of George Harvey's actions in that place.

Mr. Harvey, in fact, is pleasing no one. Republicans resent his speeches as keenly as do Democrats. He should never have been appointed, and he ought to be recalled.— Louisville Post.

The News \$1.50 in KY,

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L. R. CHELF, Agent of Adair County. If you are interested write me at Knifley, Ky.

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